



To Mr. John Eliot, an Esq; at (or near) the doores of  
the right Honorable the Parliament of England.

SIR,

**I**Dread to send to your lodging any more, lest you should libell again for the good counsell sent you, in behalfe of the State, and for the good of your selfe (that you would confesse your great offence.) Was not that the effect of the letter, that came to your lodging? Your boldnesse is high, when you dare affirm contradictions, that an invective letter, could be as well perswasive as invective, and that rayling Beech (as you libell him) should seeke, by railing, to indear his old enemy (Eliot) to get him the collop of an estate, now in Hucklesters hands, and in the same letter too? madnes indeed! what? then, when Mr. Eliots Ax of Array was scarce taken from the Root of this Beech? or rather, when this Beech was but newly removed from Eliots Ax of Array? what, and then? when Eliot had gotten for his Malignant Axe a Parliament Helt? and then, when Eliots Ax had so mangled this Beech, as a Parliament Ax? And was this the season that Beech did write to Eliot to spare the root to hold up this Beech: or to procure a collop to strengthen his sides? dull season! more dull man to chop such a season, such an instrument! But O! your boldnesse (sir) that durst attempt to have people beleeve you anything! Experience, arrest this man of falsehood. Say, can a swathing corosive, and a heart-easing Cordiall (both) be given in the same cup? or mixt at the same ministracion? it cannot be, you that

A have

have sense, be you witnesses for *experience*, against Mr. Eliot. Sir, what I now send, I send to a DOORE, where others may judge as well as your selfe, of that which is sent.

I find by your *libells* ( though I see not your *water* ) that your eyes be red, and that their fiery distemper, hath deceived you in the object of your seeing. To Red eyes, things objected do seem Red, to greene eyes, things seem greene, And by *counterfeits*, things that have never so true *existency*, are blazed abroad to be *counterfeits*.

Sir, I have something else to doe, then repeat your *pittifull contradictions* in your late *legend*, only I demand where were your wits (though you had lost your *honesty*) to tax me of *Malignancy*, and of favor to *Revolters*? Is it not generally known to be false? even in that very Honourable *Assembly*, where you would fasten it? Did you never see a *Treatise*, intituled [ *More sulphur for Basing, &c.* ] No? you had one. Nor yet the [ *plot from Edom, &c.* ] No? yes, I am sure you had one. And did you not see that letter to Maj. Gen. *BROWNE*, with this inscription, [ *The most famous London's blowing up by Londoners* ] you will say no, why then, here is one sent you, though the name of *Benjamin* be subscribed, (for his deare nearnesse to *Joseph*) yet Beech was that *Benjamin*, that did first *ondite*, then *presse* it to serve the *State*, against *revolting* and *revolters*, and against Mr. Eliots six declensions too, and against the man with the darke *Lanthorn* too, in the last page of the insuing *ALARUM*. And think sir, whether *YOU* may not be the man with that *LANTHORNE*: and whether you did not write in one of your letters (found, and copied) that you had such a *Laniborne*, and that you would carry it with you into *Pembroke shire*, after your first four yeares digging, And did you not do as you said?

Sir, you have no *shift* for your *falsehood* (now) but to engage your *shrinked reputation* that you did behold (through a cranney) Beeches heart not to be right, nor yet his aimes good; what ever he had done or suffered. Seeing you will be cast and gone, if you stand to prove him a friend to *Revolters*. It is thought that the Honourable Speaker doth yet remember some remarkable *passages* at the *Rowles*, when Beech did perswade obedience to the *Parliament* in these latter stirs, and did utter his *well-wishings* to the *Army*, as well against *Revolters* in *England*, as *Rebells* in *Ireland*. I know Mr. Speaker doth remember a *passage*.

Sir, You might see that Beech hath a *CLEER* of witnesses. You  
doe



doe boast (but you do in your brag, abase that sacred allusion) that you have a *CLOUD OF WITNESSES*. Indeed it must be a cloud if any thing, it will never be a [cleer] that you are honest, and well affected.

Sir, *Clouds* may be dispersed, *Rees ap Rees* is dead, that Pillory blade, that executioner of Round-heads (when you were a Cabby) that Marshall to Gerrard, that wel affected man, since, said Mr. Eliot, that grand witness against Malignants, in M. Eliots cloud, that Trustie officer for the State, in M. Eliots agency: But the cloud is dispelled, and terrible examples of late have been shewn to Knights of the Post. Sir, They will not dare now, as formerly, swear that Chalke is Cheese, yet sir, such props must support your reputation, and your Legends, and the credit of a broken presse may serve as one witness amongst some, or else beleeve it, sir, nothing in the world can do it. All that is light, and all that is true, will discover your falsehood.

Sir, Querie this to your selfe, may there not be some divinity, in the restlesnesse of this Beech? why doth hee haunt mee so from Roome to Roome? from my Lodgings to the Lobby? from Vault to Vault? privately, publickely, when all bee a sleepe hee is stirring, and sees mee in the darke? doth hee not know me better then the woman that did beare mee? how else durst he contend with a Gentleman of my height and reputation? Dare these drossie inferiors contend in a hot furnace of my geld? And will Beech be a Soliciter for the State, and a Minister too? Is it not odious and scandalous? And what gaine doth he get, but broken shins? doth he not see me to be the only Justice and Committee-man that doth remain in favor at the door, through all the turns of State? And doth he not perceive that I am provided for all changes? if there should be an hundred more? why will he be that sturdy wave that will dash himself against the Rock of my power? Have not ships of a thousand tuns, and all the mighty waves that ever came upon me, been broken to peeces? Doth not he know so much? And doth he not see what a braine and a brow I have? Nor yet how prosperously I drive on still with that stock of credit, given me by secluded Members? And will he not understand, how well I am provided to answer about the busynesse of Debenters? Would any but a Madman deale with me, if there were not some rarity in the

worke? Truly sir, there is something that doth act me beyond the baite of your Collop. And this I know, that if the Parliament be safe, you must be secured, and kept from their door.

Truly sir, it shall not trouble me, what ever wrong I sustaine more, by your false tongue, and libelling pen-man, so justice be safe, and sway the Scepter. If FALSEHOOD might once be turned out of doores, if a poore mans tale might be heard; and if knavery in Scarlet may receive such a Marke, that it never creep into favour againe, Mr. Eliot, beleeve it, Beeches mouth will be then stopped, more then by an hundred of your thin (*Maligned*) Collops.

Sir, give him leave to delight his afflicted mind with a plain verse, because he is oft very melancholly, and you love to make him so. Pray do not speak ill of it. And though (your friend) Prag, belches out verses envenom'd: your despised friend Beech, dorth not do so, pray doe not say he doth, when he doth not, but thus take him as he means, without any affectation of loftinessse, Thats your straine.

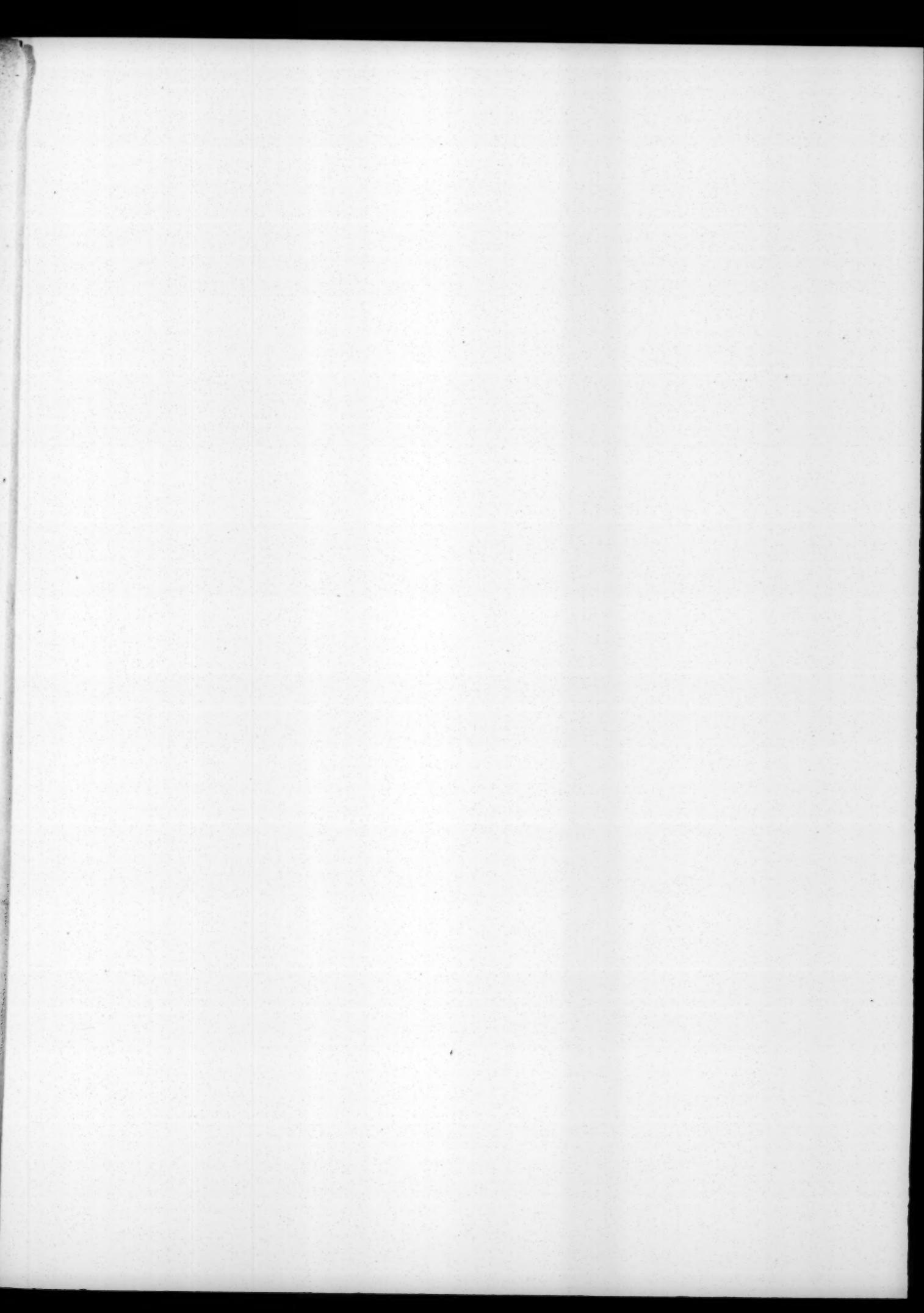
*When once I see this happy day,  
More pleasing then the Flowers in May,  
When choaking weeds plunkt by the poore,  
And Knaves be driven from COMMONS DOOR.*

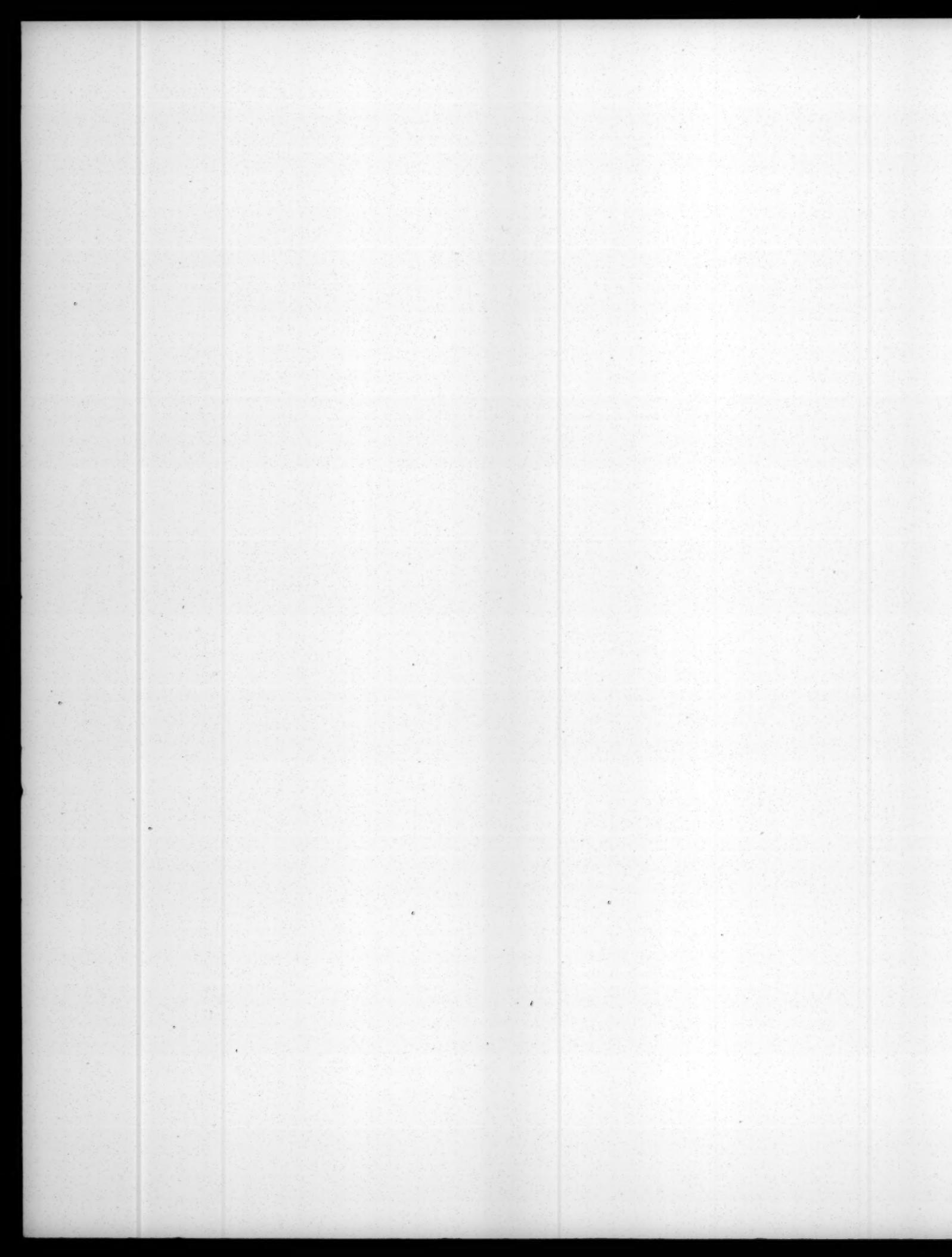
*When Justice growes, and sweet distills,  
The fence delights, and Right fulfills,  
O welcome be that happy time:  
Respiring sweet like Rose in prime,  
Then Beeches mouth shall stopped be,  
When Subjects have this liberty.*

Your neglected Monitor,

WILLIAM BEECH.







# Mr. Steel the Recorder of London.

TO BE  
 Communicated to the rest of the Bench or  
 Goal-Delivery at Guild-hall:  
 These with speed,

Mr. Recorder,

*many m<sup>r</sup>s*

**Y**our Profession being a Lawyer, and as you are Recorder of London, you are often the mouth of the Court in Old-Bayly, and have several days been so in my case; and as I hear, you are like to be so again upon Wednesday next: In which consideration I judge it the most proper for me in my present condition to write unto you, and to acquaint you, that I finde Moses the mouth of God, charging the Judges of Israel, that they shall hear the causes between their brethren, and judge righteously betwixt every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him: *Ye shall not, saith he, respect persons in judgement, but ye shall hear the small as well as the great, you shall not be afraid of the face of man, for the judgement is Gods, Deut.1. 16,17. and in Deut. 16,18,19,20. they are expressly commanded to do that which is altogether just, that they may live long, and inherit the Land which the Lord hath given them.*

And saith the wise man by the Spirit of God, *Prov.28.4. A Land is established by Judgement.*

Sir, by the Law of England, I know you know a Judges Office, and a Prisoners right by Law; and according to Law, you have, as my right, assigned me Counsel, to fit my self to plead matter of Law for my life.

Yet while I am a pursuing my business according to your late Order at the Sessions, and am peaceable and quiet in my imprisonment, and neither indeavoring to make an escape, or any way quarrelling with my fellow prisoners, or my Keepers: I am by Capt. Dike the Keeper of Newgate, sryed with an Order in these words:

Tuesday the second of August, 1653.

O rdered by the Parliament, That Lieutenant Collonel John Lilborne  
be kept close Prisoner, and that the Keeper of Newgate do take care  
the same be done accordingly.

Henry Scobel, Clerk of the  
Parliament.

Upon which Order the said Mr. Dike was pleased to take upon  
him to render such an interpretation of it, as I dare presume my  
head to a farthing taken, that is no way warranted by the Law of  
England, in any kinde whatsoever; (viz.) That I must be such a  
close Prisoner, as that he must keep all my friends from me, and he  
and his under Keeper with strictness hath accordingly executed it  
ever since; although truly, I cannot in reason and charity believe,  
that the Parliament themselves by the said Order intend any such  
thing, because in their late Declaration of the 12 of July last, and  
the second page thereof, they declare, *That they will demean them-  
selves in all things, as becometh those who are set by God for the good of  
all, and in all, to be as tender of the lives, estates, liberties, just rights and  
properties of all others, as we are (say they) of our selves and posterities.*  
But if this close restraint of mine from the visits of my Friends, Law-  
yers, Attorneys, Solicitors, or Messengers to go up and down about  
my affairs, be their intentions by the said Order, I must not only a-  
ver their said Order to be against all the declared Laws of Liberties  
and Freedom in England, against the Rules of Justice amongst Hea-  
thens, Pagans and Tyrants, but against the very tenor of their own  
said promises, and thereby themselves rendered to be men void  
of faith or truth, whose solemn words and promises are not in the  
least to be regarded, should it be supposed that such an interpretation  
by their consent, so contrary to Law, should be rendered of their  
forelaid Order, as to keep me close Prisoner from speaking with my  
Friends, Counsellors, Solicitors or Messengers, when I am upon  
tryal for my life.

Sure I am, the late Parliament in the purest of their days, before  
they were corrupted and defiled, in their grand and first Remon-  
strance of December, 1641. complains of such close imprisonment,  
acted upon my self and several others by the late King and his Mini-  
ster, as the actions of most barbarous injustice, oppression and ty-  
ranny, as you may read in the first part of the Parliaments Books of  
Declarations, page 8. although neither my self then, nor any of my  
there mentioned fellow sufferers, were then in the least upon tryal  
for our lives, when such close restraint as is there complained of  
was exercised upon us; neither were any of us there in that Decla-  
ration.



ration mentioned, in the least condemned by the said King, or his Male Administrators of Justice, without some Process of Law, even in misdemeanors; as I have been for Felony by the late Parliament without any process of Law at all, if the Act of Banishment upon which you strongly endeavor to take away my life, should concern me in the least.

And sure I am, the then Parliament or House of Commons, upon the fourth of May 1641. voted such unjust close imprisonment, and other the like illegal proceedings against me (which yet never reached to any sentence for the loss of life) to be not only illegal, but also bloody, wicked, cruel, barbarous and tyrannical, and that I ought to have reparations therefore.

And sure I am, at the Tryals of *Strafford*, *Canterbury*, *Hamilton* or *Capel*, and that for Acts of the highest of Treasons, the late Parliament never exercised any such close imprisonments upon them, as is now done upon me.

And also sure I am, that although I was taken as a Prisoner of War, fighting most resolutely against the King, and carried from *Brandford* a Prisoner to *Oxford Castle*, and there at one time sufficiently cured from him by the present Earl of *Kingstone*, the late Earl of *Arundel*, the Lord *Dunsmore*, and the Lord *Andover*, to all whose allurements and threats I sufficiently held out and avowed flag of defiance and scorn, upon which I was laid in Irons, and kept close Prisoner from the visits of my friends, which when I came before Judge *Heath* for a tryal for my life at the common Law, and complained of the aforesaid usages as against Law: he justly acknowledged them to be so, and immediately at the Bar ordered me present release from them both, which I legally enjoyed, and thereby had an opportunity presently to post away a Letter to Mr. *Lenthal* the Speaker of the Parliament, another to young Sir *Henry Vane*, and a third to my wife; which said Letters produced a Declaration from the Lords and Commons of the 17 of December 1652, printed in the first part of their Books of Declarations, page 802. that instrumentally then saved my life.

And sure I am, that the Apostle *Paul* was accused by his most malicious adversaries, of higher things then any is pretended to be laid unto my charge, even to be a pestilent fellow, a mover of sedition among the Jews throughout the world, and a Ring-leader of the Sect of the Nazarens, yet his Heathen Roman Judges examined the matter legally, and strictly, and expressly, notwithstanding the said grievous accusation ordered Pauls Keeper or Jaylor, to let him have liberty: and that he should forbid none of his acquaintance to minister or come unto him, *Acts* 24. 5,8,23. yea, when upon his Appeal to *Cesar* as Supreme (the liberty of the famous Commonwealth of *Rome* by *Julius* and *Augustus Cesar* being lately overthrown and subdued) he came to *Rome*, the grand Tyrant *Nero* being, as I judge, by his expressions in his Epistle to the *Philippians*, the present

(4) sent Emperor, permitted Paul to dwell two whole years in his own hired house, and to receive all with freedom, without the least restraint, that came unto him, *Acts 28,30.*

Sir, as my undoubted right by Law, you assigned me Counsel to fit me with a plea to preserve my life at this next Sessions: and yet the Jaylor of your Court deprives me of all the means that tends to that end. And so deals as bad with me, as the old Tyrant *Pharaoh* dealt with the poor Israelites, when he made them make brick without straw; for which hard and cruel bondage, they sighed and groaned unto the Lord, and he gloriously delivered them, to the destruction of *Pharaoh*, and all his cruel Tyrannical inflaving Task-masters: Wherefore Sir, I cannot do less in conscience to the welfare of my own life, and the Nations liberties and freedoms, then to demand of you upon sight and knowledge hereof, your Order, as I had from Judge *Heath* (who was stiled and called a Traitor Judge at *Oxford*) to deliver me from my present illegal, unjust and tyrannical restraint (in my hard and unquiet imprisonment) from speaking with my Friends, Council, Solicitors and Messengers; or else the great and mighty God of heaven and earth judge betwixt you and me, and all the rest of your Associates, that with force and violence, without all shadow or pretended colour of Law or Justice, pursue the last drop of my innocent blood, and so I rest,

*A Faithful and true hearted Englishman,*

*John Lilburne.*

*From my barbarous and Tyrannical  
Imprisonment this 8. of Aug.*

*1653.*

I have by a private hand sent this to some of my friends to deliver to you, and be witnesses of your Answer.

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*FINIS.*



